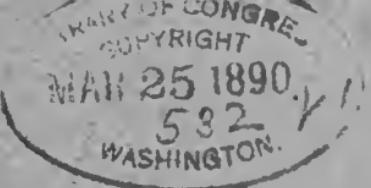


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1890

A PROPHETIC POEM,

WHICH IS RAPIDLY BEING FUL-
FILLED.

—o—

Written August 11th, 1880,

—BY—

THE INDIAN DOCTRESS,

ANGELINE JENETTE BUDINE,

ELKLAND, TIoga COUNTY, PA.

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NOTICE.

The following Prophetic Poem was written prior to the election of James A. Garfield to the presidency of the United States, which event it predicts, as also his tragic death. Also some two years before the invention and application of air brakes.

It is obvious to the well-informed that the events which it foretells would transpire up to the present time have been fulfilled, and we are conscientious in our belief that this is a Prophetic Warning to the Inhabitants of Earth that they may prepare for the worst, which is yet to come.

As the end of time seems drawing nigh,
I feel impressed to prophesy.
The harvest ripe the angels reap.
Separating tares from the wheat;
Trim your lamps and keep them burning bright,
For the darkest hour is before daylight.

Noted men in Death's embrace will lie.
Go to meet their God who reigns on high;
The Republican candidate will beat.
But never live to leave his seat;
Abraham Lincoln's fate he will share.—
For Death he might as well prepare.

In eighteen hundred and eighty nine
The Star of Bethlehem will shine;
High winds the tallest Cedars wave,
And thousands fill a watery grave;
Yes, morgues be filled to running o'er,
Those called to leave this mundane shore.

Mountain streams will swell and rave,
Wash the sleeping dead from their silent grave,
Strange deaths resound all o'er the earth—
Yes, many die in premature birth—
While the angel of Death this planet sweep
And mothers, like Rachel, left to weep.

The greatest land-slides you will see
Demolish houses, prison the free;
Some will struggle and survive,
Thousands be buried in dirt alive,
While fires burn great cities down
Human bones in ashes will be found.

Strange sights be seen in the evening sky,
The river Euphrates will be dry,
Consternation seize the people all,
The walls of China they will fall,
When floods descend and lightnings play
It will remind you of blest Noah's day.

Great wrecks on railroads will prevail,
The engine leaps, the air-brakes fail;
The mangled bodies that do appear
Cause giant hearts to weep with fear,
Yet all will sing one joyful strain:
The blessed Savior has come to reign.

Factories be blown high in the sky,
Thousands beneath their ruins lie;
Mount Pisgah's top will tumble down;
The Queen of England lay down her crown,
The Isle of Patmos will be no more;
People crowd around the dismal shore.

Many new inventions man will declare,
People ride in carriages through the air,
Great rocks will fall, they can not stand,
Destroying cities and crushing man,
Death's angel comes with fluted wing;
Grave where is thy vict'ry, Death where is thy sting!

Crimes will increase from shore to shore,
Such cruel murders never known before;
New York city sinks, yes, it goes down,
Where it now stands a sea be found,
Sure a sudden death to one and all,
The old, the young, the great, the small.

Mount Vesuvius burst with crash and roar,
Melted lava down in torrents pour;
Scientists will argue it's nature's laws,
That Mars and Jupiter is the sole cause;
Devastation will spread all o'er the land,
'Till they will own it's by God's own hand.

Tornadoes and Earthquakes they will come,
People leave forever their lovely home;
Pestilence and famine cause them to die;
In plain board coffins thousands will lie;
One third our inhabitants will be left
To mourn their loss, to feel bereft.

The raging storm o'er the Ocean sweep,
Cause skeptics there to pray and weep;
The life boats smash, the ships go down,
The grandest structures of great renown.
Until navigation becomes a dread,
For the sea will claim her part of dead.

At last a fearful war will come,
You will hear the bugle, fife and drum;
Ancient prophesies will be fulfilled;
Many thousand people will be killed—
Yes, fight in every city and town,
'Till friend and foe will both lie down.

Next comes the great Pentecostal day—
A pure religion will bear the sway;
A gifted lady will lead the band,
And all will bow at her command,
Until comes the great millennial time,
Which change the whole world of mankinn.

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